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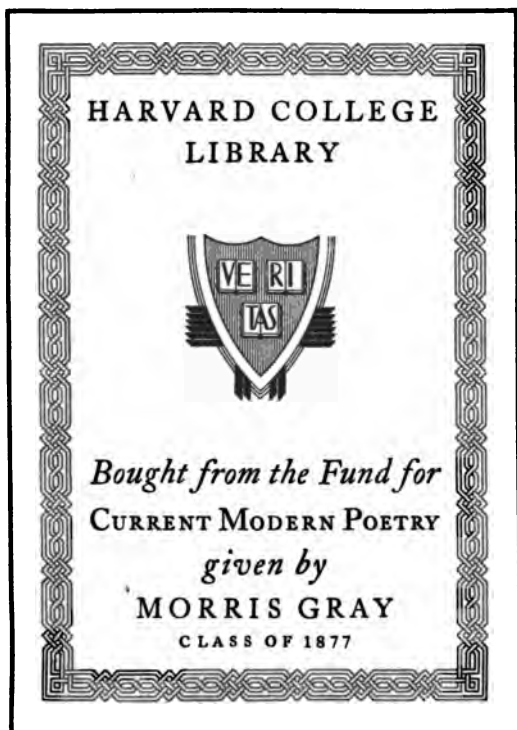
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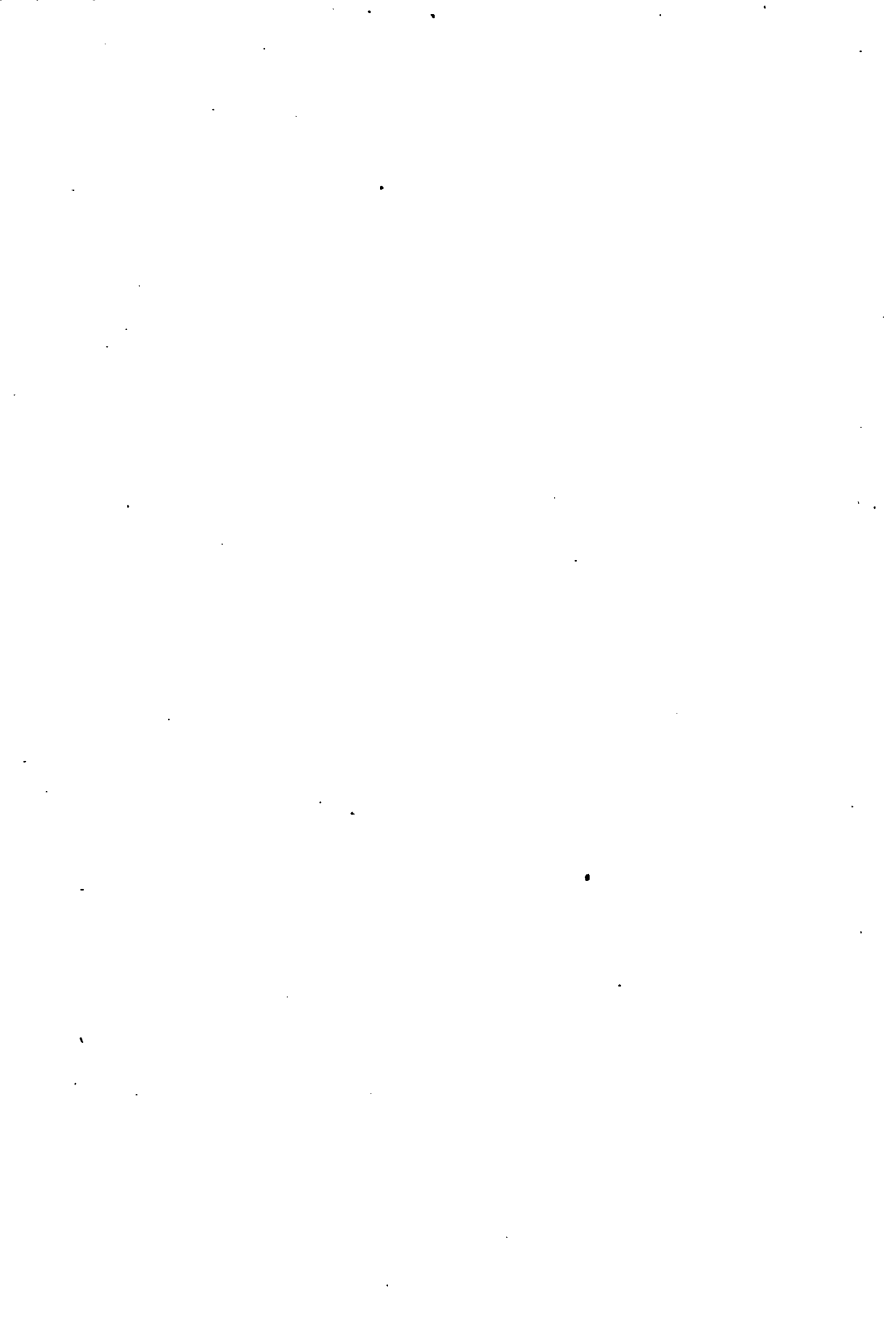
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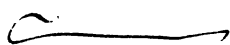




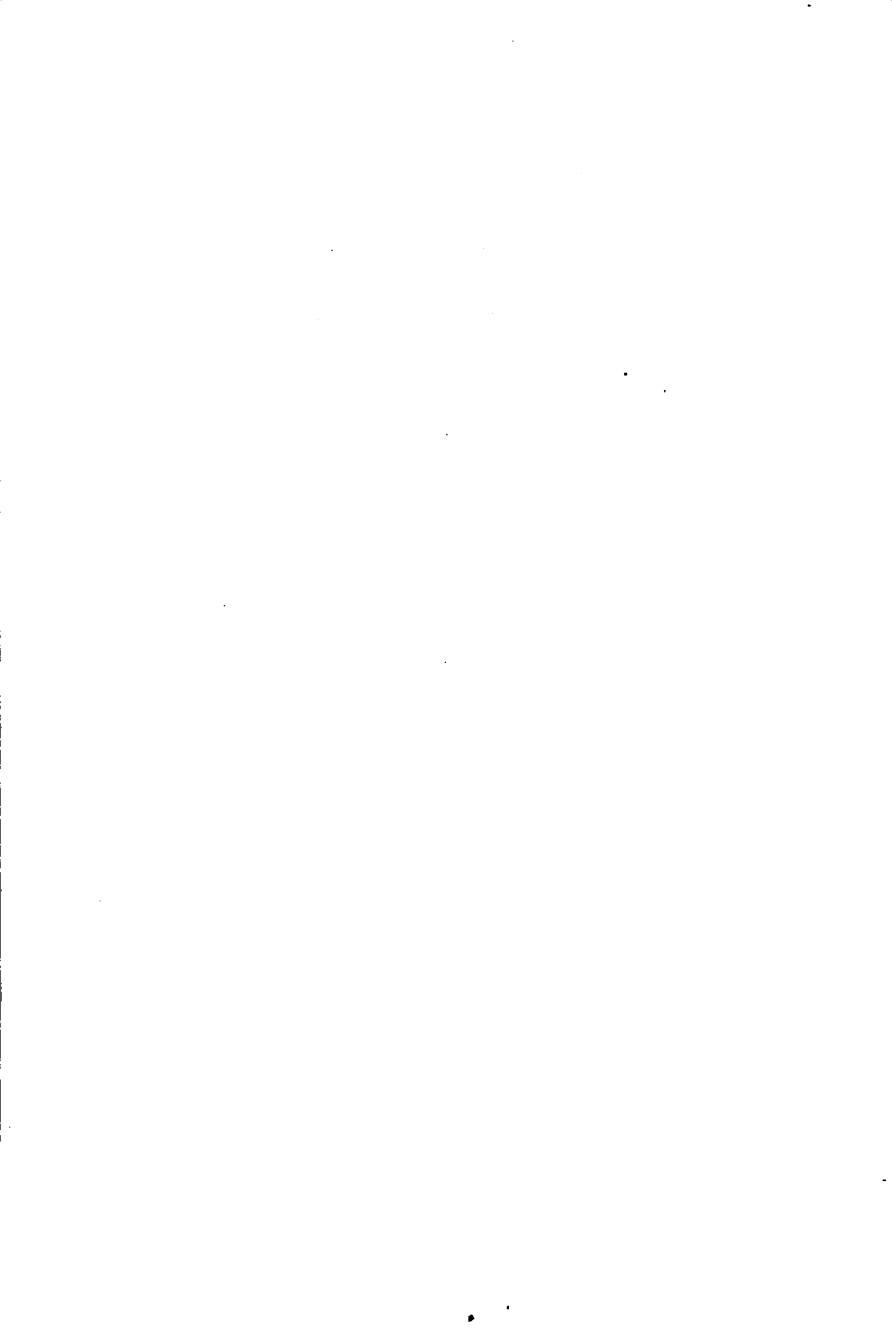
To Mr Morris

with many thanks  
& all good wishes

for 1894.



# SONGS BY THE WAY



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# SONGS BY THE WAY

By E. C. L. C.

LONDON

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TO MY FATHER.

*Go, little book, and ask him*

*To accept you as a token*

*Of a love that is too deep*

*Ever to be lightly spoken.*

*For words are only echoes*

*Of the thoughts which they repeat,*

*And some hearts fear to trust them*

*With the thoughts they hold most sweet.*



# CONTENTS

	PAGE
SCOTLAND. . . . .	I
THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY . . . . .	3
MY PRAYER AT SUNRISE. . . . .	6
A MILESTONE . . . . .	8
ECLIPSE OF MOON . . . . .	10
THE LANE OLD MAN . . . . .	13
LIFE'S LEVEL PLAIN . . . . .	16
LINES WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BROWN ( <i>note</i>	
JEANIE BROCKIE) . . . . .	20
A CALM . . . . .	22
BIG BEN AT MIDNIGHT . . . . .	24
THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH. . . . .	26
A WOMAN'S LOVE . . . . .	28
MUSIC . . . . .	30
RACHEL . . . . .	33
A REFLECTION. . . . .	34
DELUSIONS . . . . .	35
THE MIDNIGHT SUN . . . . .	37

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	PAGE
AT BANCHOR . . . . .	39
VALENTINE'S DAY . . . . .	41
LIFE'S MIDDAY . . . . .	49
SONNET: TO AN INVALID POET . . . . .	51
THE MESS OF POTTAGE . . . . .	52
SPRING: A SONNET . . . . .	54
THE END OF SUMMER . . . . .	56
AUTUMN . . . . .	58
STORED SUNSHINE . . . . .	60
THE DIRGE OF HOPE . . . . .	62
DESPAIR AND HOPE . . . . .	63
CONTENTMENT . . . . .	64
PLAYING AT PATIENCE . . . . .	65
BIRDS OF PASSAGE: A SONNET . . . . .	66
EPITAPH IN SONNET FORM FOR COUNT MOLTKE . . . . .	67
DREAMS . . . . .	68
ABSENCE . . . . .	69
AN AFTER-GLOW ON THE JUNG FRAU . . . . .	70
BIRTHDAYS: SHOULD THEY BE KEPT ALL THROUGH LIFE? . . . . .	71
THE GRANDMOTHER . . . . .	72

# SONGS BY THE WAY

## SCOTLAND.

O SCOTLAND, my country, what land is so fair,  
What clime breathes such sweetness as thy caller air ?  
When thou art bedecked with the whin's golden  
    sheen,  
Sure nowhere on earth can such glory be seen.

See, o'er the still waters of Moray's wide firth,  
Black Isle to Fort George sends her greetings in  
    mirth ;  
Her glad golden smile is reflected so clear,  
That distance is vanquished, the parted draw near.

And whence comes this glory, this nimbus of gold,  
That crowneth thy forehead so rugged and old?  
What is't but reflection of Beauty above,  
That glints through a rift, to remind of GOD's love?

All beauty on earth, of form, colour, or sound,  
Is reflex or echo where'er it is found ;  
All good is of GOD, and our eyes only see  
Intimations of Glory, which one day shall be.

## THIRTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY.

To-day I reach the half-way stone  
    Upon life's measured, well-trod way ;  
And far behind lie Morn's glad fields,  
    And far ahead the Future grey.

Through mists of doubt and tears I passed,  
    Illumed by Hope's bright, fitful bow ;  
And now 'neath midday's glorious sun,  
    With staff in hand I onward go.

Dark Sorrow laid on me her crown,  
    Weakness has shown me strength is vain ;  
I sought perfection,—but to learn,  
    Naught perfect here ; my teacher—Pain.

I too have stumbled on my way,  
Though smooth the past to me now seems ;  
I clung to flow'rs not meant for me,  
And wasted time on selfish themes.

But now a higher joy I know,  
A love more strong, a hope more glad,  
Knowing 'twas growth of Spirit wings  
That caused the pain that made me sad.

All growth gives pain—then surely wings  
As they develop must full oft  
Cause in our hearts sharp aches and pains,  
Ere strong enough to soar aloft.

Then let us see that each pain brings  
Strong yearning hope, aspiring zest,  
As half-fledged birds that stretch and spread  
Their tiny wings e'en in the nest.



---

Clog we not, then, their nascent growth  
With low-born thoughts—the dust of Time ;  
But cultivate the pure, the true,  
Till God shall wing their flight sublime.

Oh can this be, this glorious hope,  
Growing our wings e'en here below,  
Till, spreading them, we fly and soar  
To higher realms, to Heaven's glow ?

## MY PRAYER AT SUNRISE.

FATHER and GOD ! enlighten these dim eyes  
Which gaze perplexed along the misty way ;  
May steadfast faith like day's bright orb arise,  
And lead me homeward with unclouded ray.

E'en if Thy Wisdom grant no certain guide,  
Almighty Father, hear this humble prayer,—  
May childlike confidence with me abide,  
And boundless gratitude for all Thy care.

The "splendour of the grass" beneath our feet,  
The "glory of the flowers," the azure sky,  
All joys of nature's loveliness repeat  
The glorious whisper—"We are not to die."

But most I thank Thee for the friends whose love  
Has blessed my life at each successive stage ;  
Once more unite us, Lord, in realms above,  
When closes here our chequered pilgrimage.

Oh, why should anxious fear distress the heart  
In sorrow taught to see a Father's hand ?  
Has not the joy to love, the grief to part,  
Revealed some wisdom of the Better Land ?

Thou gracious Saviour, Who didst undergo  
All life's afflictions and the pangs of death,  
Teach me to turn to Thee in every woe,  
And bless Thy Name with my last struggling breath.

And when I falter in the hour supreme,  
Enfold me in the Everlasting Arms ;  
Make my departure but a blissful dream,  
And wake me free from sin, and death's alarms.

H. G. A.

## A MILESTONE.

WHEN we come to a Milestone on Life's varied way,  
And pause to look back on the path we have trod,  
What memories rise in that glance o'er the past !  
What thoughts that can only be told to our GOD !

Sweet echoes come ringing from joys that have ceased,  
And fragrance is wafted from pleasures long gone ;  
But muffled the sounds, and faint, faint the perfume,  
The breeze only laden with things that are done.

It fills us with longings for what cannot be,  
It brings back the anguish of partings, and tears ;  
But turn and look upward, and lo ! in the West,  
The glow of GOD's goodness will calm all our fears.

---

Beyond yon dark river, the Hills of our Home  
Are bathed in the Light of the Glory of God,  
And safe at their foot lie those dear ones at rest  
With whom, in the morning, Life's pathway we  
trod.

Then onward our glance be, and onward our tread,  
Let strong Faith and Hope cheer our hearts all the  
way,  
For surely the Hand that has led us thus far,  
Will guide through Earth's night, to the limitless  
Day.

## ECLIPSE OF MOON.

CAWDOR, *August 3, 1887.*

THE pale, pale Moon came forth last night,  
When all the world lay still and calm ;  
The winds were hushed—the clouds were few,  
In peace, she reigned without alarm.  
But lo ! a shadow came  
To quench her silvery flame

The shadow came, and dimmed the light  
Her lord, the Sun, to her had given ;  
The sweet, wan face was marred with grief,  
Her form was changed, her heart was riven,  
Her joyous smile outworn,  
And she, bereft, forlorn.

But see ! across the vault of heaven,  
From where the Sun went down to rest,  
Come gently quivering Northern Lights,  
The Queen of Night, to soothe—their quest,  
Sent by the Sun, her spouse,  
To cheer, and to arouse.

She listened to those comforters,  
Quickly the shadow passed away,  
And casting off the garb of grief,  
The Queen of Night resumed her sway,  
More beautiful, more calm,  
For well-borne grief, and harm.

And surely tender, quivering Lights  
Are glistening in your sky, oh friend,  
The bearers of bright thoughts from Heaven,  
That state where sunshine knows no end,  
When clouds and shadows cease  
In perfectness and peace.

And whence came those faint Northern Lights  
That gently trembled through the air?  
Reflects of Light still from us hid,  
Whose knowledge now we could not bear.  
But some day we shall know  
What these things dimly show.

And are not all things beautiful  
In man or beast, in flower or scene,  
Reflections dim of Heavenly things?  
In mind and matter, both I ween,  
Foreshadow what shall be,  
When we can clearly see.

When we have grown and spread our wings,  
And soared beyond this murky night  
Up, to where now we cannot reach,  
Whence dimly here we have our light.  
Ah yes! the day will dawn  
When time and clouds are gone.



## THE LANE AULD MAN.

ALANE, alane, and sae weary,  
Oh sae weary o' my life ;  
Hame is lanesome, sair, and dreary,  
Without the bairnies and the wife.

O bairnies, my bairnies, wha aft  
I think to see ye round me here,  
And hear the mither's voice sae saft  
Teaching ye the evening prayer.

And then I'm like to cae to ye  
And stretch my arms in vain, in vain,  
To draw ye round about my knee—  
I find myself alane, alane.

Nae wife, nae bairns, it's but a dream,  
Wae's me, wae's me, it is nae true ;  
I'm thinking it was just a gleam  
Frae the bright world they're a' gane to.

When I come hame from work at eve  
Nae bairns run out to greet me,  
And still I almost half believe  
Maggie'll step ben to meet me.

O heart of mine, why will ye beat  
As though to break my worn-out frame ?  
Ye ken there are none here to meet,  
They're a' gone to the lang lang hame.

The hull is grown sae muckle steep,  
I can but creep along the ground ;  
The wee burn is too broad to leap,  
And I maun gang the lang way round.

None ken or care how late I come ;  
And if some nicht I ne'er get hame,  
It will nae cast a bit o' gloom ;  
The world will gang on just the same.

Ah weal ! ah weal ! I'll bide my time,  
The Lord will take me hame at last ;  
The hull of life is steep to climb,  
But with God's help 'twill soon be past.

He wouldna make me live sae long  
Had He no work for me to do ;  
What God does sure can nae be wrong,  
And He kens best when I maun go.

## LIFE'S LEVEL PLAIN.

WHO art thou, sad and lonely one,  
Who mournest all the day?  
What ails thee, that thy peevish face  
Should fright gay mirth away?

Has disappointment quite eclipsed  
The brilliant sun of morn?  
Have Hope's bright dreams all passed away,  
And left thee here forlorn?

And is thy lot less fair, less bright,  
Than others seem to be?  
Thy path all dark, thy days all drear,  
And no light left for thee?

---

Then think not ever on thyself,  
Since that must make thee sad ;  
Go forth to succour other lives,  
And strive to make them glad.

Hark to the song all nature sings,  
"God made us all for good,"  
And if thou canst not join the song,  
Go help all those who would.

Why dwell so long on *one* sad page  
Writ in thy book of life ?  
Read on until the book is closed,  
And arm thee for the strife.

Since life is warfare to us all,  
Why shouldst thou lag behind  
To weep and wail for just one thing  
Perchance thou'lt never find ?

Wouldst thou be ready, should the foe  
All suddenly appear?  
And couldst thou help in his distress  
A fallen comrade dear?

Nay, nay, thy comrades all move on,  
Soon thou art left alone,  
No help to them, no joy thyself—  
Then well thou mightest moan.

But wake thee from thy selfish grief,  
And since thou knowest pain,  
Go with that knowledge to assist  
All who in grief complain.

Then thou wilt learn at last to see  
How small thy cause to grieve;  
A wrong thread thou hadst taken up  
Within thy life to weave.

Then bravely lay it down again,  
    Whatever it may cost ;  
For grief and pain, if used aright,  
    Are treasures gained, not lost.

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE DEATH OF MRS. BROWN  
(*née* JEANIE BROCKIE).

SHE longed to be at home once more,  
And, longing, could not rest ;  
But quietly she's sleeping now,  
So peaceful and so blest.

She longed to be at home once more,  
And came there but to die ;  
Now in the churchyard side by side  
The two young sisters lie.

She longed to be at home once more,  
With those she loved below,  
To show them all the Heavenly joy,  
'Twas given her to know.



She longed to be at home once more,  
Life's journey well-nigh o'er ;  
Home seemed to her the place most near  
To the celestial door.

And sure that longing to be home  
Was sent from GOD above,  
The Angels heavenward drawing her,  
With bands of tend'rest love.

For now she is at Home indeed ;  
GOD's call, so gently given,  
Just bid her step from home on earth,  
To His bright Home in Heaven.

## A CALM.

THE sea and sky are bright and clear,  
God's smile, the Sunshine, stills each fear ;  
The fishing-boats on Ocean's breast  
Are lying still in perfect rest.

A mist bounds all—like tears of love  
Tinged with a glow from Heaven above ;  
No certain line can we descry  
Betwixt the Ocean and the Sky.

So, Father, let us live that we  
Discern no line 'twixt us and THEE ;  
So keep THEE ever in our sight,  
And dwell on earth in Heaven's own light.

So may the tears which now must flow  
For those we loved the best below  
Make heaven and earth one country seem,  
Nay, heaven the real, earth the dream.

## BIG BEN AT MIDNIGHT.

BIG BEN, with solemn, awe-struck voice,  
Has told each hour of day and night,  
Has kept great London's careless ear  
Warned of Time's ever rapid flight.

In measured tones it seems to say,  
"Another day of life is fled ;  
What burden did it bear aloft?  
O man, beware ! the day is dead."

Big Ben, thy honoured, solemn voice,  
Speaks calm amid this clamouring mart ;  
It speaks of Perfect Peace and rest,  
Beyond man's restless, craving heart.

It speaks of when no more its voice  
Will need of time to toll the flight ;  
For Time itself will cease to be,  
Merged in Eternity's new light.

Till then, till then, speak on, Big Ben,  
We cannot do without thy chime ;  
To dull ears, deaf to higher things,  
Speak thou with measured voice sublime.

## THE OLD MAN'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH.

WEAKER, aye weaker wax I,—nay,  
Waning's the word for me to-day ;  
My strength is well-nigh gone, and yet  
I am the same man still, beset  
By weary feebleness and pain ;  
Maybe not long I'll here remain.

Not long—this life is weak and short,  
Pain and disease make man their sport ;  
Nay, they're but servants of our God,  
And we who bow beneath His rod  
Dare not so call His chastening,  
We who to death are hastening.

Death—what is death? Christ called it sleep :  
Kind Earth the earthly form shall keep ;  
But *I* myself will soar away  
From earthly night tow'rds heavenly day,  
To claim the freedom JESUS gives,  
And I shall live because HE lives.

Speak not of Death, *we* do not die !  
The husk may perish, but not I :  
Poor husk, 'tis wasted, worn out now,  
And I can lay it down and know,  
My Lord will give it back to me,  
Made pure and bright, and good to see.

## A WOMAN'S LOVE.

UNLIKE to summer bird of song  
This thriveth best in winter's gloom ;  
It needs no guerdon, fears no wrong,  
But lights with song Life's empty room.

'Tis a free gift, no asking why  
The loved one is nor wise nor great—  
He is beloved, it is enough,  
And she toils on from dawn till late.

Some love because they gain their end,  
Get what they need, and barter love  
For love or gain ; but she gives all,  
No recompense her soul can move.



Bartering love for love, alas !

How mean, how sordid is the sound ;  
And yet to find what's worth our love,  
We deem we are in duty bound.

True woman's love is given for nought,  
It spends itself in sacrifice :  
True woman's love is love, pure love,  
Without return, without a price.

And is't not love, pure love, we learn  
From CHRIST, who came from GOD above ?  
Poor sinners 'twas He came to save,  
Creatures unworthy of His love.

And woman's love, if love be true,  
Is like the Saviour's love for man ;  
It is a gift unearned, supreme,  
The gift of self and all it can.

## MUSIC.

SWEET Music, gentle, kindly friend,  
Thy voice so sweet, so soft, so calm,  
Can soothe the restless, craving heart,  
And on the spirit falls like balm.

In sacred strains thou dost uplift  
Our souls on aspiration's wing,  
A wordless worship, wordless chaunt,  
Such as the disembodied sing.

Foretaste supreme of highest hope,  
'Tis this which makes thy finest charm ;  
Dim reflex of our future bliss,  
Thou lay'st to rest each vain alarm.

---

Thy martial calls are loud and clear,  
Best heard methinks in bagpipe screel ;  
The pibroch and the slogan wild,  
Summon the clansmen brave and leal.

They come, they come, to dare and do,  
Whatever may be Duty's call ;  
And 'tis thy voice, thy martial voice,  
That nerves them on, whate'er befall.

And when the warriors home return,  
Thy call to trip it merrily,  
Will set the lads and lassies all  
Dancing the reels right cheerily.

But when thy solemn funeral march,  
Tells that some life with earth has done,  
Hear we not there the glorious strain  
Of a new life with God begun ?

So, Music, we must love thee well,  
With all our joys and sorrows linked ;  
In the New Earth, I dare to hope  
All life with thee will be instinct.

## RACHEL.

REASONING clearly, and ruling her heart,  
Able she plays in life's drama her part ;  
Careful for others, she spares not her health ;  
Happy at heart, what needs she of wealth ?  
Eager, contented, her wants are but few ;  
Loving and lovable, tender and true.

## A REFLECTION.

WE may smile at the tears which we shed in our youth,  
We may laugh at the fears which seemed terrible then ;  
We may scoff at the folly of earliest love,  
But we'd give all the world just to feel them again.

Though the grief was intense, 'twas but the reverse  
Of a joy so much greater,—'twas well worth to weep  
Half our fears proved unreal, and our earliest love  
Was most tender and earnest, if not very deep.

## DELUSIONS.

THERE are some moments in one's life  
When all seems bootless toil and strife ;  
When there is nothing worth our care,  
And none around our feelings share ;  
When all our pleasures, all our joys,  
Seem to be poor and brittle toys ;  
And treasures that we deemed of old  
Our very own and pure as gold  
Show baser metal, and, alas !  
Slip from our grasp, to others pass,  
Who heedless hold what we most prize,  
And what we long for dare despise :  
Or small and narrow seems the groove  
In which it is our lot to move.

Oh, foolish thoughts sick fancy brings !

We think our puny selves have wings ;

Our little woes we think sublime,

We dwell on plains and dream we climb !



## THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

LERWICK, *June 23, 1881.*

GOOD-NIGHT, good-night, 'tis eventide,

Life's sun is sinking fast,

And long soft shadow memories

Stretch backwards o'er the past.

Farewell, farewell, my treasured joys,

Ye now look cold and pale ;

Like flowerets in the evening hour,

Your brilliancy must fail.

Farewell, farewell, dear loving friends,

Ye shared with me Life's quest ;

I'm wearied with the weight of years,

'Tis time for me to rest.

Good-night, good-night, it should be dark,  
And yet the sky is blue ;  
Say, is that light, so softly bright,  
Sunrise or Sunset's hue ?

Awake, awake, it is the Dawn,  
The Night and Day have met ;  
At eventide it has been light,  
Sunrise has met Sunset.

Good-bye, good-bye, the long long day  
Ends with the midnight sun ;  
No gloom, no darkness, quiet light—  
Day done, and day begun.

## AT BANCHOR.

1882.

LAST time,—ah, 'twas a summer's day,  
The world decked fair as lovely bride ;  
The river sang a jocund song,  
And *he* was at my side.

But now the autumn leaves fall fast,  
And sad they look, though gold they be ;  
The river sings a mournful song,  
And *he* is gone from me.

The stream, with cold hard rocks begirt,  
Still seaward flows, though changed its lay ;  
And I, though summer days are done,  
Must wend like it my way.

My autumn leaves are memories sweet  
Of sunny hours, still fresh though far,  
Set with a wondrous loveliness  
Nor time, nor change, can mar.

In Peace and Hope and "Calm decay,"  
The leaves float down to earth, I see,  
T' enrich the soil before the spring  
For new things that shall be.

## VALENTINE'S DAY.

WITHOUT are driving wind and mist,  
Within is comfort, peace, and warmth ;  
And by the fire, with pipe alight,  
An old sea-captain sits at ease ;  
His little niece, beside him crouched,  
Is begging for "a tale to-night."

"And so, you little bright-eyed maid,  
You'd have old Uncle spin a yarn,  
And tell a pretty tale of Love  
In honour of St. Valentine ?  
Well, wait a bit and let me think,  
Full many a Valentine I've seen,

And worthless things they mostly be,  
Miscalling Trash by name of Love ;  
But there is *one* I can't forget—  
I'll tell you how it came to me.

“’Twas when I had the *Jenny Jones*  
Plying with coal to Portsmouth town ;  
From grim Llanelly ’twas we sailed  
With store of good hard coal on board,  
For English folk to buy and burn.  
’Twas there I met a likely lad,  
New hand on board a Cardiff tug,—  
Tom Rees his name, and, careless like,  
I never thought to ask no more,  
When he engaged to come with me,  
The longest trip he'd ever made.  
Well, when the day for sailing came,  
Tom Rees was there, all smart and trim,

---

A cheery, active, honest lad,

As ever I could wish to see.

“A stormy time we had, that cruise,

But all went well, till, as we came

Nigh to our port, great Portsmouth's town,

Tom went aloft to shorten sail—

A gallant but a needful act,

And dangerous, in such a sea.

Poor Tom was but a young ship-hand,

And down he fell right on the deck,

Never to move nor speak again ;

One moment full of health and hope

He climbed the mast—the next he lies

A lifeless corse with broken neck,

Dead to the storm, the world, and all

Ah ! death is sad, say what they will,

And Jesus wept—so why not we ?

“ I’d liked the cheery, willing lad,  
I grieved to see him die like that,  
And vowed at least I’d bury him  
In the still, quiet earth ashore.  
For there is something weirdly sad,  
Sinking a body in the sea,  
That seething, restless element,  
That pauses not, nor stills her waves,  
Which rush and hurry o’er the dead,  
As if with her no resting-place,  
No peace, or quiet, could there be.

“ I wondered if a mother’s heart  
Would ache for tidings of her boy :  
I, knowing not her name or place,  
Could never tell her—she must wait,  
Hope against hope, till comes despair,  
That gloomy fog that knows no light,—  
Poor soul ! I mourned for her, and Tom.



Soon as I got myself ashore,  
I went for letters to the Post,  
Asking for all marked *Jenny Jones*.  
There, 'mongst the others, one for Tom  
I spied, and hoping 'twas from home,  
I broke the seal—a Valentine  
Was all I found,—a tawdry thing  
With 'Don't forget your love at home,'  
'Mid pictured flowers and tinsel scraps ;  
But at the back some words were writ  
Which told me all I craved to know.  
'Twas thus they ran : 'My dearest Tom,  
'Tis sister Ann that sends you this,  
And mother adds some loving words.  
Whate'er you do, avoid the drink,  
And say your prayers at morn and night,  
For GOD will care for sailor lads ;  
But oh, come home, come home, my boy,  
We want you, Tom, we want you sore ;

Come to your home beside the sea,  
For I am sad without my lad,  
Come home, come home, there's nought like  
home,  
And other words of mother's love.

“ Well, 'twas a dreary funeral,  
No friends from home to walk behind ;  
I felt there must be one fond sign,  
So on Tom's breast, in his dead hands,  
I laid that common Valentine.  
Poor sister Ann, her Valentine  
Found use she never thought or meant,  
And yet it was her loving gift  
That taught me where to write the news.  
I thought no more 'twas ugly trash,  
And as I walked behind the corse  
That Valentine was quite transformed :  
Methought it grew to precious blooms,

Sweet signs of resurrection life—  
The life that knows no care, no tears ;  
And then I heard the burial words,  
Those blessed words from out GOD's book  
That tell of hope beyond the grave,  
Of higher life, of glorious powers,—  
All gifts of GOD and His dear Son,  
And of the Blessed Comforter,  
Bequeathed by Him to us poor men,  
To help us weather all the storms,  
The woes and ills of human life.  
It made me brave to write the note  
That told Tom's mother of his death,  
And how I buried his remains—  
Hard task indeed, to tell such news.  
So there's my yarn, my pretty lass,  
As true a tale of real love  
As any you are like to read  
In novels full three volumes long,

Or 'Penny Dreadfuls' by the score.  
Fight shy of these, and stick to truth,  
More fair, by far than fiction's tales ;  
And when folk tell you tales of love,  
See they are true as Uncle's yarn,  
The story of a Valentine."

## LIFE'S MIDDAY.

THE rosy tints, and gladsome hues  
Of early morning's dawn,  
Have faded 'neath the sun's hot beams,  
And died as died the morn.

The sweet fresh breeze that fanned my brow,  
The very breath of love  
Has passed away, and nothing stirs  
The trees and clouds above.

The dreamy and mysterious mists,  
That made all things more fair,  
By sunbeams straight are all dispersed  
And melted into air.

Now comes the need for courage true,  
To walk life's hard highway,  
The courage that in patient hope  
Endures in silence aye.

Now gird the pilgrim's sandal shoon  
More closely on thy feet ;  
Step on, to reach the goal ere night,  
Rememb'ring time is fleet.

Gird up thy loins, nor lingering stay  
To mourn o'er what is past ;  
Did not those lovely circling mists,  
The real overcast ?

## SONNET.

TO AN INVALID POET.

"A sick man's aimless, selfish life is mine."

Nay, say not so, for unto each GOD gives

Some talents to employ for HIM while lives

The man. Some have the power to toil, 'tis thine

Maybe to sing, while others who are strong,

Work, and lead busy lives of fight 'gainst wrong.

Thy words meanwhile may cheer and nerve the arm,

The brain that toils all day. Your songs may charm,

Soothe and uplift, like yon caged lark, whose song

Pours forth as if he soared above his nest

O'er sunlit fields, singing with keenest zest,

Alone, yet from his narrow prisoned state,

Bearing on Music's wing to heaven's own gate

Hearts weary—worn with earth's dull care and weight.

## THE MESS OF POTTAGE.

BARTER away truth, honour, all,  
Thy mess of pottage gain ;  
But look not back, nor dare recall  
Those cries of human pain.

Poor man, a sorry mess is thine ;  
Poor glutton, eat thy fill ;  
The day will come which brings its fine,  
Most bitter, bitter pill.

The mess of pottage soon devoured,  
Sad thoughts will linger yet ;  
Poor luckless wight, thou'lt be o'erpowered  
By infinite regret.



Oh, sad sad fate ! the end drawn near,

How wilt thou rue the day

That ever to thy soul seemed dear

That wild, insensate way !

## SPRING.

### A SONNET.

THE Spring ! the Spring ! oh fair, oh happy time,  
When blithely o'er the earth walk hand in hand  
Calm patient Hope, and lovely Joy : the land  
Beneath their feet breaks forth with blooms ; the  
clime  
More genial grows, and spite of blustering gales  
Is sunny, redolent of all sweet things  
As that blest pair proceed as if on wings,  
Waking the birds to song . . . but language fails  
To tell of all that springs before the twain,  
Whose longed-for advent always seems delayed,  
But coming, bids us be no more afraid  
But trust. Once more Creation sings this strain,

---

“Trust, and fear not; though dark and long the  
night

And dread the cold, God's spring brings warmth  
and light.”

## THE END OF SUMMER.

MIDSUMMER's day is passed and gone,  
Short grows the day, and long the night ;  
No lingering twilight cheers the eve,  
Already feel we winter's gloom.  
For lessening light,—less time for work,  
Remind us of the end of all,  
And death in sight, we onward move  
With weakening faculties and limbs.

Oh winter days ! I dread your gloom :  
Hope faints, and faith grows dim with doubt ;  
How bright were these, how high they soared,  
When spring and youth made all things bright !  
Now are they wrapt in clouds of mist,

And fading leaves show autumn near ;  
My back is weighed by burdens light,  
I shiver at each chilly blast,  
And mourn to see the summer die.

Hark ! what is this ? A voice I hear \*  
Like many waters sounding clear,  
“ Why fearful, ye of little faith ? ”  
“ Sets not the sun to rise again ? ”  
“ Does not the snowstorm help the spring,”  
“ And the warm rain-drops feed the corn ? ”  
“ Is man apart from natural law ? ”  
“ Is not one Lord the King of all ? ”  
“ Ye’ve had the sunshine,—bear the storm,”  
“ And rise thereby to higher life.”

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\* Cawdor Burn.

## A U T U M N.

AUTUMN, thy fair, sad face dawns on my sight  
In waiting stooks of corn, and rowan berries bright  
In golden tips on birchen boughs displayed,  
In garden trim, now sadly disarrayed.

Autumn, I love thee well ; though sad thy ways,  
Thy brightest hues are mem'ries of past days.  
Thy fruits have caused the fall of lovely flow'rs ;  
Like age and eve, thou teachest of last hours.

Autumn, thy sweet but weary, way-worn face  
Reflects each sunbeam's smile with cheerful grace ;  
Thy very breath is free, and strong of will—  
Braces and nerves us for dark winter's chill.

---

Autumn, we love thee, though to fade thy lot,  
For sad were life if death and change were not ;  
Continuance were a dull monotony  
If thou cam'st not, in beautiful decay.

Come, friend, let's home across yon breezy heath,  
And ponder as we go on Life and Death ;  
God grant to us that mem'ry fair things bring,  
Ripe corn and fruit to lay before our KING.

## STORED SUNSHINE.

AN INCIDENT OF EXHIBITION ROAD. 18—.

A LITTLE lad, with golden hair,  
Was tripping up a London street ;  
The slanting sunbeams at his feet  
Made bars of light so bright and fair,  
As peeping through the pales of wood,  
He thought to gather them were good.

That Sunday was the first proud day  
He wore boy's real white cotton trews,  
"The pockets sure will not refuse  
To hold sunbeams, for I've heard say  
There'll be dark days when I am old."  
Thus thought the child, whose curls were gold.



Careful he bent him to the street,  
And gathered up the golden gleams ;  
His little hands filled with sunbeams  
Were thrust into his pockets neat.

Bar after bar was treasured there

For the dark days we all must share.

Dear little golden-headed lad !

I saw him then, I see him still

With sky-blue cap, that matched not ill

The sweet blue eyes, now bright, now sad.

The apple of his father's eye,

That tiny son, scarce three feet high.

And now he uses stored sunshine,

Reflecting it on darkened lives.

His widowed mother well he strives

To help and cheer ; a light divine

Shines in his eyes ; his music lifts—

Music—the sweetest of God's good gifts.

## THE DIRGE OF HOPE.

CAWDOR, 1890.

NEVER for me will ring Joy's cheerful bell,  
Or come a welcome call to work or play ;  
But, mine to fold the hands, sit still, and say,  
"Thy will not mine, I know that all is well."  
But, Lord, Thou knowest it is hard for me  
To turn aside from all the hopes, that made  
A pleasaunce, where my soul might wander free,  
'Mid fair, fresh flowers, that now unseen must fade.  
The future was a refuge from to-day,  
When darkly low' red the clouds, sharp blew the wind ;  
But now that pleasaunce gate I cannot find.  
Lord, take my will, low at Thy feet to lay ;  
I *cannot* yield it—take it, Lord, I pray,  
And give me strength to *bear* while here I stay.

## DESPAIR AND HOPE.

I TOOK my leave of hope with bitter pain ;  
I school myself to gaze on life, bereft  
Of that fair friend ; I count o'er what is left,  
And find though all is changed, so much remain  
Both beautiful and good, that to complain  
Of the poor crippled life seemed wrong indeed,  
Mean and ungrateful for the gifts received—  
A Father's love and home ; such thoughts restrain  
The tears that rose unbidden as I gazed  
Down the o'erclouded path of earthly life.

But now hope starts to life ! and almost dazed  
With light, I stand, strong, eager for the strife,—  
Not cured as yet, but with some strength restored,  
And heart for aught the future may afford !

## CONTENTMENT.

SWEET Spirit of Content, abide with me,  
Not as a passing guest, but wedded spouse  
To stay while life shall last, and in me rouse  
Strong steadfast hopes of perfectness to be.  
Thou art a gift from Heaven, a gift divine,  
And I will cherish thee, sweet angel mine,  
Through whose calm eyes I gaze all unafraid  
At pain, and feel that power to endure,  
In calmness cheerfully, is now secure ;  
For thy two sons, bright Hope and Joy, are made  
To bear the rule as kings, discreet and staid,  
'Neath which I peaceful live, and listening hear  
Glad echoes from the choirs in heaven ring clear,  
And thus all shrinking doubts and fears are laid.

## PLAYING AT PATIENCE.

*November 9, 1892.*

PLAYING at patience, nay, 'tis now my lot

To practise patience. Till the knell shall toll  
Of my last hour, I wait and murmur not,  
But hope in patience to possess my soul.

Then, when the fatal hour has struck, may He

Who taught me patience when for me He died,  
Grant that I may, when by His grace I see  
The travail of my soul, be satisfied.

A. G. C.

## BIRDS OF PASSAGE.

A SONNET.

YES—birds of passage we, aye on the wing ;  
True to our native land, our northern home,  
From busy mart, and southern shore we come,  
And like the swallow, cuckoo, finch we bring  
Assurance by our presence, that 'tis Spring !  
Heralds of Spring ! a glorious title that !  
Too grand t' assume perchance, the while we roam ;  
And yet, what tells of ocean more than foam  
Blown o'er the fields from the churned waves, whereat  
We glance, asking is't snow ? but taste and smell  
Soon teach from whence those white flakes fly so fast ;  
They vanish at a touch, and all is past.  
The birds stay on, and clear and loud they tell  
Home's joys, which swift all foreign charms dispel.

EPITAPH IN SONNET FORM FOR  
COUNT MOLTKE.

MOLTKE, the aged veteran's gone home !  
How bravely toiled he till the close of day :  
His life's work done, demanding no delay  
He rose, obeyed the Master's call, and from  
His finished work, with unabated strength,  
With energy and hope undimmed by length  
Of days, was yet content no more to roam  
The toilsome way of "Glory's path ;" and then  
He died, ere yet his friends had heard the tread  
Of Death's dark messenger, so full of dread  
Even to brave, but earthly minded men.

Like England's Lawrence, Prussia's Moltke tried  
To do his duty aye, and thus he died.  
"Well done, thou servant true," the Voice hath cried.

## DREAMS.

THE dreams of youth are fragile strands  
Like gossamer on meadow lands ;  
Think ye they'll last throughout your life,  
Through all its troubles, all its strife ?

Nay, think not so, for Time's rough tread  
Ere long will brush them all away ;  
The dreams and mists of morning hours  
Must fade before the fuller day.

But when pale evening draweth near,  
The sunset gleams will light once more  
The gossamer, all dew-bedecked—  
So mem'ry will past dreams restore.



## ABSENCE.

WHEN you're away

My heart is empty, lifeless as a sail,  
That silent waits, when wafting breezes fail,—  
Now brightened by sunshine, by clouds shadowed o'er,  
While waiting for you its life to restore.

When you're away

Yet Life sings on the old, old song of yore,  
But lost the air I welcom'd so before.  
Though fair bloom the flow'rs, their fragrance is fled,  
It vanished the hour our farewell was said.

## AN AFTER-GLOW ON THE JUNG FRAU.

JUNG FRAU, how nobly meek thou'rt in thy place !  
Yestreen, I saw thee shine in colours bright,  
Now, snow-white maid, unheeding Glory's flight,  
So simple, and so pure, thy unveiled face,  
Revealed. Methought thou wert gone up above,  
Wert glorified, transformed, before my sight,  
In all celestial rainbow hues bedight,  
A radiant vision lit by heavenly love !  
To-day a humble Jung Frau, all thy grace  
Is Edelweiss—the watchword of thy race  
To stand where thou art placed, as thou dost now,  
Unconscious tow'ring o'er thy mates—thy brow  
Screened by an icy veil from human sight ;  
Fair handmaid waiting on the Lord of Light.

## BIRTHDAYS :

SHOULD THEY BE KEPT ALL THROUGH LIFE ?

THE milestones on our upward way  
Of life we greet with gladness ;  
When on the downward path we stray,  
They fill our hearts with sadness.

The soulless beast may reason thus,  
And grieve that life is short ;  
Such faithlessness is not for us,  
Whose souls the Saviour bought.

The upward milestones tell us each  
Of trials still to come ;  
A brighter truth the downward teach,  
“ We’re so much nearer Home ! ”

A. G. C.

## THE GRANDMOTHER.

Now is the quiet evening hour,  
The toils of day are done,  
And we may rest and gather up  
The fragments one by one.

So sits and rests one whom I love ;  
She sees the children play,  
And waits to help, advise or soothe,  
Now that 'tis close of day.

From furnished mind she brings to us  
Thoughts by experience gained ;  
No selfish wish or taste is left,  
But all is love unfeigned.

---

Long may she sit and wait like this ;  
Her presence is a calm,  
A harbour safe, where winds are still,  
And change is no alarm.

We count o'er all the deeds we did  
In morning's early dawn,  
And smile at joys, and sigh at griefs  
With tenderness, not scorn.

Things look so different at eve ;  
Some shrink, some greater show,  
And that which puzzled us by day  
Shines out in sunset's glow.

All tears are dried, night draweth nigh,  
And after dark comes Dawn ;  
New day will bring more light, more power,  
And us to those now gone.

So sit we still. to spin the threads

We gathered in the past,

Content to wait in calm repose,

Till all is done at last.

THE END.

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